7/12 (typed 7/16)

(Earlier handwritten notes have name from Perry Russo, Carol not Maria Casavides, phone 242-3076. This is correction)

I phoned her in a.m. to say I was leaving, from Matt's, explaining that I might get busy and she might leave. She asked me to come over. I said I'd phone first if I got time. Matt and I took some pictures, he had a few errands that burned up too much time, and I did phone, then went out. I'd expected to stay there. She was outside, dressed in pretty blue dress-culotes, a one-piece thing. We went to the slave quarters. While we were chatting, me on the German outdoor-contour chair and she in an upright, Marge came in to say goodbye. She asked if we had heard TV, and we hadn't. She had the essence of the story Jim had released (I had not known) of his help from a foreign intelligence agency. When she finished Deyahn commented that there was consternation in the Paris Embassy, that people were scared, some going, some coming, that people were leaving N.O. (Note. This was more than an hour, perhaps two, after I'd picked her up. There seems little liklihood she had seen the paper, which she never looks at, or had heard the radio or TV, for she has never alluded to newscasts.)

The only thing she admits knowing about Bringuier has to do with a Gonzalez, who owns property in the Quarter.

When we talked about my interview with Philip's parents, which I mentioned, she asked, "Did they tell you about Mario?" I replied they had and asked if she knew his last name. She said she didn't.

Repeatedly we hassled over her fake "neutrality". I told her bluntly there was no neutrality between right and wrong, none between those who initiate attacks and those who defend, none between freedom and tyranny, and that she'd learn and be ashamed if she had the information she said she had and was withholding it. She claimed the KT argument was persuasive and I asked her what she knew that enabled her to determine its truth or falsity. When she told me the things she said he alleged, I answered them and they were false.

This is a very strange aspect, for her first mention of KT, the first night I interviewed her, was with a smile. Later she said she thought him one of the False Oswald's. Then she said not. Then that he was her "friend", but will not say how.

When, as it soon did after we got to the Slave Quarters, my conversation got pointed and I accused her of lying and deception, while she made pro-forma denial she was not angry or insulted. She never even denied lying. She took that calmly. When I told her that lies and deceptions were not mitigated by the little finger-crossing clauses she threw in for later quotation, she was again without protest. She wanted to know what I was not telling and showing her and I bluntly refused, telling her again, for the umpteenth time that it was the kind of thing I would not go into piecemeal or where there was the slightest chance of interruption. A day or so earlier she had asked me for the transcript of our earlier interviews and I told her I had a copy put away securely and I had no intention of trusting her with it. She was angry (controlled) and I was blunt and insistent and I told her why. My agreement was to have one for her but I did not say when I'd give it to her. I had had it with me last trip for her to read and she had had no interest in it, and I so told her. I also said I would not carry it around. And I said this was for her protection as well as mine.

It was not a pleasant parting. I was angry and disgusted at her endless lies and deceptions and unkept promises. I had planned my time, as she knew, to have a few days alone with her, out of town, where there would be no interruption, so we could go over the many things I wanted to learn the truth about and so she could ask what questions she wanted. I had told her to list them so she could not forget. I had also told her that while I would be going there anyway, my interest in going at this time was solely to get together with her, and she did know this. I was also angry that after going without eating and drinking, without going to places of entertainment to save money, she had first chiselled on me and then cost me the extra $35.00 in fare the weekend return entailed (no excursion rate).I also gave her neither peace nor comfort on fascism and aiding it, whether or not voluntary, whether or not with understand, and often referred to those German noses near the death camps that smelled nothing.

Instead of going in the house this time she walked to the side, to the yard, where her step-father was. I wondered if it was to see him or the dog, who was barking there. I didn't wait to see. I had just, in saying goodbye, wished her well as things developed.

On the return she told me she was going out of town for the leg operation, that it was to put a pin in. At the slave quarters she had stood and showed me the extreme curvature in the leg despite the cast. She said the doctors had given her two years, that she had a rare disease they didn't know what to do with. I encouraged her not to give up hope, to live properly and let the body build, and to go ahead with her plans for school (earlier she had told me that in the form for "parents or guardian" she had put me). The operation is to be 7/23. She said she'd let me know the outcome.

This trip she had more to say about her step-father. She says he is a fag, that once or twice her mother had broken down and complained about it, that he had gone off for long periods, leaving them alone, and that things had then been very rough. She quoted her mother as saying there was no sex between them. Very strange.

She also told me that Jim Turner, who had lived with Barbara Reid when he was a cameraman with WVUE (I had been there with Rick Townley the day he left), is now in USSR, inference comapny. I phoned Barbara from airport to tell her. She had had such suspicions but couldn't prove. She says he is going to East Berlin, thence to Portugal for stay.

Also, although Deyahn had told me that Philip had given her his books on guerilla warfare, his parents said the Jeff Sheriff's office has them. He got them from Brown, Panther press, Boulder, Colo.